[illegible] was [illegible] Val [illegible] Ward [illegible] which has [illegible] that old [illegible] they got him on Mid Run of Nat [illegible] mountain His weight was 370 pounds, and fat as a fool the fat on his rump cut full four inches This was a big footed bear the measurements of his paw thirteen inches long by eight broad it was semi white this bear had kill [illegible] and dragged three or four head of [illegible] Norman Shaw's sheep into the woods following up, wonder of wonders, a hunter came upon the bear at his feast The bear raised to his hind legs and the man took a shot with a small bore rifle Later it was ascertained the bullet plumbed the brisket It apparently did little damage for the bear made off The dogs then were put after him, but he paid the dogs little mind other than to run He went by a steader who put him down and not with a bullet from a high power rifle.

—

This was a bear in his prime He has been a persistent sheep killer for several years He made his home in Shavers Cheat, and would come down to Tygarts Valley and the Elk regularly for his mutton He was known by the unusual size of his track Ever since this bear came out of his winter's sleep a month ago he has been killing sheep There is at least one more sheep steeling bear on Elk This one comes out of Gauley, leaves smaller tracks and has been killing this spring mostly on Crooked and Old Field Fork of Elk

— —

Don't be fooled by the fancy put down by popular writers that bears come out lean and poor from their long winter's sleep and fast That bear killed on Elk last week cut two inches of fat on his ribs. Even though he never went hungry from eating sheep, this is a poor time of year to fatten a beast, and a month is a short time to do it in That bear went to hole let December 21 and he came out fat on March 22

—

Word comes that the tracks of the old she wolf were seen in the snow last week in the pine patch on Middle Mountain of Elk The snow was off the hillside and she could not be tracked. They are now guessing she has a den somewhere with pups in it

—

The other Sunday night Mrs Green and children of Woodrow were followed home by a panther They thought they heard something following them but supposed it was a neighbor's dog and they paid no mind Just as they were going into their house William VanReenan drove by in his automobile and the lights of his car plainly showed the great cat crouched by the roadside The varmint gave a great leap as it made off toward the forest, and it was plainly seen as it crossed the road in the light by Mr Green who was on his porch

The [illegible] his beat [illegible] However [illegible] ing dogs [illegible] Mr Gallend [illegible] had melted too fast

—

A distinguished friend writes in from the city to say that my load had gotten too great to bear in my unequal contest with this wolf and panther business and that he was liable to have a friend of his send me a wolf dog I can only reply that truth is still mighty and will eventually prevail Also that I place a wolf dog along side of a stable horse and sawmill as a thing undesireble, but for the good of and protection of the country as a whole I would be much obliged for a wolf dog.

—

Lenty Sharp came off Jericho Road the other day with a tale about a big brown heron like bird with a wide stretch of wing and a voice like the croak of a raven He said it was working strong on the little piping frogs in the Glade I knew right off he was talking about a bittern, or brown heron.

—

Last Wednesday morning if you had happened to look close at the river there was a big flock of wild ducks making their living between the bridge and the mouth of Price Run There were fifty or more of the little dickens, and they appeared to be having the best time I presume they were feeding on the superab undance of perrywinkles or fresh water snail which now cover the rocks in this part of Greenbrier River This black and white (males) wild duck has the local name of butter duck The books list it as buffle head

—

Along about dark and after if you will listen along these low grounds of Knapps Creek and Greenbrier River, you will hear an unseen bird say scape as it flies over It is a wood cock talking to you The other evening I was lucky and saw a full dozen against the sky as they flew over me I heard others which I could not see

—

Wm. Crigger was in town from the Beaver Lick fire tower when it rained last Thursday morning, and told a satisfying experience he had enjoyed in his look out the other morning As he walked up the trail from home he noticed a lot of fresh deer sign, but saw nothing. After he had gotten settled in the tower and all was quiet, an old cock grouse burst out a drumming right below him; just over the ridge in a drain an old wild turkey had to answer with law gobbling. This was the sign for two deer which had hidden when the man approached that they could safely move out, and one made off in one direction and the other went another. All of which goes to prove that a body does not see everything to be seen when he walks through the woods

ing tales, yet [illegible] and the great is most interesting writing

Draft 3

Jan 370#

Dec 21 — Month slept "went to hole" for Rupes

[illegible] was [illegible] from Jarco [illegible] Monday His catch of foxes [illegible] year was 33; thirteen reds and [illegible] grays He got one wild cat, but this was a big one—37 inches from [illegible] tip This book gives the average at thirtysix inches

—

Uncle Bob Gibson was over from Elk on Saturday He is an humble working churchman, who finds joy in religion and he works at it He says it is no harm, but rather a good deed, to kill a bear on Sunday, and I hold with him One reason is a bear kills sheep on Sunday as well as any other day

—

Uncle Bob tells me the ramps are just a little the best flavored this season he has ever tasted. One reason, he says, is that the growth is thrifty on account of so much rain and that the lack of sun to tan them has made the bulbs so tender, sweet and mild

—

Uncle Bob was counting up the sheep killed in about two weeks by the old Shavers Chest Mountain big foot bear the other day that they know about, three for him, five for L D Sharp and five for Norman Shaw, and one for a widow lady. This bear had killed and piled up five sheep and was eating on them when found. This piling up of sheep is the sign of an old bear.

—

Uncle Bob said the only thing wrong about killing an old sheep stealing bear on Sunday or any other day is that immediately two other bears sprang spontaneously up to take his place The reason for this is that when the boss of the range falls, other bears move in where the old big one had heretofore kept them out The late Henry Gilmer used to tell the tale of killing the same old buck on a given ridge seven years in succession The explanation was easy—when the monarch of the survey was gone, the good feeding ground was taken by the next buck in line, to hold until he was killed or an abler buck grew up

The Belled Buzzard

For several years past large numbers of buzzards have assembled each spring in March at the Roost on Jerico Flats, but have been notable by their absence so far this year, except one immense specimen was observed on March 15th. This leader wore a bell which could be heard faintly but distinctly. The bird was not seen again, or any other in the neighborhood, until the 6th of April when a pair were seen gliding on motoless wings over the mountain.

It is thought possible that the failure of the buzzard to show here in numbers so late in the season is due to the unseasonable cold, or possibly the migrants not having gone far enough south last fall perished of cold and hunger in the unprecedented freezes of the winter, this variety of the vulture family not adapted to extreme cold,

Although of a sluggish nature, unlike the noblar birds of pray, and subsisting on carrion, the buzzard scrupulously exercises its flight power morning and evening in prolonged circling, instinctively knowing that if it lost the ability to fly it species would soon perish.

It is said that the Wright Brothers and other inventors of gliding air machines, studied attentively the flight of the buzzard, which is said not to be excelled by any other bird of land or sea.

Pocahontas -11

Publishes Book Of Verse

"The Versatile Mind" will be the title of the new volume of poetry to be published by the New York Publishing Service for Mrs Charlotte Mason Dickson of Second Creek. The contract for the publication was signed Tuesday. Mrs Dickson has written poetry for various papers and magazines, such as the West Virginia Review. She is the wife of Edgar F Dickson --Monroe Watchman

Pocahontas Times
12/10/40

rest in most interesting

for the cafe

POCAHONTAS TIMES
Entered at the Postoffice ... ton, W. Va., as second ...
CALVIN ...

...ic is certainly Indian; from ... That name is preserved up ... New York State

... is Cherokee. They say it ... means "Clear waters—the reflection ... the stars in a limpid stream.

Cherry River is from the abundance of wild cherry trees on it, particularly at Cherry Tree Bottom, the present site of the city of Richwood

Cranberry River is named from the abundance of wild cranberries growing in the bogs on the Glades on South Fork.

Charles mountain probably named after Charles Kenelson, early settler, soldier of the Revolution and Indian fighter.

Days Run and Days Mountain from Charles Day early settler and Indian fighter. One of the names for the fort at Millpoint was Days Fort

As for Williams River, there is tradition that it was named after William Ewing, soldier of the Revolution; known as Swago Bill. He lived on lands now embraced in the McClintic farms. He owned land on Williams River, the Nelson Moore lands. I think when he moved to Ohio in 1810, he sold his Williams River holdings for a rifle gun and a certain amount in "cut money." It appears that in the early days if change was needed to divide a half dollar and there were no quarters convenient, why the ever efficient settlers took the ever ready axe and and cut the half dollar in two.

Knapps Creek was first Ewing Creek John Ewing owned lands below Frost which he sold to Moses Moore. When the Marlins Bottom survey was made for the Greenbrier Company of Colonel Lewis in 1751, the calls of the line from the low place on the mountain, near what is now Stillwell, to a corner near the present Mt View Cemetery, passed over the Ewing house. Later the stream was called Naps Creek, after Napthalem Gregory, who was murdered in his hunting camp somewhere around the present site of Westminster church

Thomas Mountain and Peters Mountain, I have no record of how they were named, I do know that Michael Mountain bears the name of Michael Daugherty He was a gentleman from Ireland who left his home with his lady love, rather than continue his studies for the priesthood He was a sportsman who walked in to kill his bears with a hunting knife while his dogs were attracting the attention of the game One sad day on Michaels Mountain poor Michael waded in on too big a bear. As the hunter struck his knife home the big brute struck back with a mighty paw. There was then a dead man as well as a dead bear. It has been Michaels Mountain ever since.

Mad Tom on the Alleghany is a ridge on which a poor slave boy got lost and went crazy.

The Mad Sheep on the Alleghany was called for sheep which were afflicted with rabies one season long ago

Stephen Hole Run is called for Stephen Sewall, whom Colonel Andrew Lewis found at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in 1751, with Jacob Marlin Sewell spent a winter soon after in the small cave at the head of the run He was killed by Indians some years later on Big Sewall Mountain, farther down the Greenbrier I do not remember ever being told where Sewell was killed.

I have never been in Stephens Hole It is of such a small bore I fit into it most too snugly for comfort. The story is the paymaster of a certain Ohio regiment stole the payroll when here for the Battle of Droop Mountain, and hid the money in Stephens Hole. I had heard the tale and paid little attention to it. Some years ago I read Claude Bowers' book, The Tragic Era In writing up the carpetbag governor of a certain southern state, the writer says the said governor had been accused of absconding with the payroll of a certain Ohio regiment

Elk River, Elk Mountain, Deer Creek, Panther Run, Bear Run, Wild Cat Hollow, are self explanatory names, the same as Spruce Knob, Sugar (Tree) Creek, Span Oak, White Oak, Laurel Creek, Laurel Run, Poplar Flats, Red Oak Flat, Spruce Flat, Brush Run, Pine Grove, etc.

The water of Tea Creek is the color of weak tea The idea for years was this color was from leaves and roots of the trees—particularly spruce and hemlock The geologists now tell us the sulphur in the coal deposits is chemical which gives color to the water. Red Creek and the several Red Runs have their sources up in the coal measures.

Back in the Gauley wilderness, you find names like John Fox writes about down in the Cumberlands Big Blizzard, Little Blizzard, Big Rough, Little Rough, Fox Tree, Barren She, Tear Coat, Hateful, Hellward, Hell for Sertin, Skin Shin, Turkey Track, Camp Rock, Little Elbow, Middle Fork, Three Forks, Skinned Poplar, Horse Path, Bug Run are some that I recall off hand. We got these honest and natural by reason of the Hammons family moving into the big wilderness almost a century ago and staying there.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12 1940

Last week was the big week of the year in Pocahontas County. The visitors came here by the thousands for the deer hunting On an average, I would say, about one in twenty got a buck

Practically every one of the visitors knew where they were going They or their friends have been coming here for years, and they had camps or farm houses or hotels already picked to stay in, friends to go into the woods with, and familiar ground to hunt in.

I count that twenty dollars is about as little as one man can expect to get by with in the way of expense on a three day hunt away from home This means the circulating of really a large sum of new money in this county—say thirty to forty thousand dollars Whatever it is the hundred or so deer the visiting hunters carried away sold for big money This money was divided by farmers, hotel keepers, stores, gas stations, and what not.

A friend of mine from the lower waters of the Greenbrier has been coming here for the past five years. Every season he has seen deer but no bucks This year the big deer of the mountains come by him, with antlers like a rocking chair Hope long darted made him nervous or something The shot drew blood, but the deer went away from that place It is just another case of hoping him better luck next time

It was the last drive of the second day Some standers had bunched around a fire for the wind was raw There was too much talk and too little attention to the business in hand A man from the city looked around and hollered "Great day look there?" This was all the signal the big buck needed to high tail the jack away from that place Of course a dozen bullets cut through the brush where the deer had been, but every one of these too late had messengers were ineffective.

[illegible] the Alleghany [illegible] at a point [illegible] behind or far back, and the [illegible] on with a bullet hole through the bread basket The stranger was in hand at tracking, so Attorney J. L. Buckley was called in on the case He followed the sign as fast as he could walk by an occasional blood smear on the brush After a while the deer broke out again, but the cover was too thick to see for a shot Following on a ways Mr Buckley knew the proper thing to do was to look up the exact place the deer had broken out the last time If it was merely a superficial wound the deer would have been standing, and there would be little use to trail farther If he had been severely hit, he would have lain down and that would be encouragement to keep on hunting Getting near the place, Mr Buckley saw the deer behind some brush, looking out at him. It had circled and come back Every hair was turned the wrong way and the animal was the very picture of rage and fury He would have fought before he ran this time. One well placed shot put the deer down and out He carried a magnificent head

Adam Pennell, of Marlinton, is a lone wolf when it comes to hunting. He ranges the Buckley Mountain On Tuesday, he got as far as the Messer place, to look up a big deer he knew had been keeping there all summer Over on the Cummings Creek side he put up the deer I noted three big holes in that deer's hide from well placed punkin balls out of a shot gun It was quite a chore for one man to bring this 175 pound buck the five miles into home. The antlers, while not overly large, were symetrical and uniform, carrying four points to the beam.

Miss Ganelieve Yeager was the lady to get her deer in Pocahontas County this year It was an eight pointer, four snags to the beam She hunted with the Ruckmans on Alleghany Mountain.

No accidents from fire arms are reported in Pocahontas County this year This is a blessing for which we all are deeply grateful One hunter Gordon Sanford, of Rainelle, was struck by a train near Cloverlick, and died some hours later from the injuries.

[illegible] antlers are legal game [illegible] spike bucks and fawns are on the protected list Up there the [illegible] are eating themselves out of [illegible] and food the range is not sufficient to keep the stocked deer A hunt to keep the stocked deer A hunt to keep the stocked deer are now increasing in West Virginia the time will come when the range will not support the deer This is a good many years ahead on account of the present number of our deer and the richness of our range When that time does come the Conservation people have considered the means to meet the situation The season will be opened on does and the season will be earlier and longer. Just now, they hold us to a late season to allow time for mating before butchering the bucks

A tale comes out of the deer woods of a party of hunters hailing considerable of a scramble in a lateral patch They went to look and came on a big wild cat with a four snag eight point buck deer down and biting on his neck They shot the lynx and another bullett put the deer out of his misery

I hear tell of a hunter killing a muley or dehorned buck For antlers, there were nubs, an inch or so long He brought his venison in for checking and it made trouble. The law has specifications calling for branched antlers Naturally, the question arises in my suspicious mind how come the hunter to know he was shooting at a buck in the first place

Down on Pyles Mountain a hunter on the first day crossed no less than a dozen big buck tracks, all heading toward the game sanctuary, which is the Watoga State Park.

The big deer of the State fell to the gun of H J Widney, of Frank, he killed it on Shavers Chest, near Wildell The weight was three hundred and fifty pounds, hog dressed The antlers were a wonderful rack Nine points on one beam and ten on the other.

Most anything can come out of these woods Witness the nineteen point antlers which are the trophy of young Mr Widney, of Frank Along about fifty years ago the late Brown Gaiford, of Back Alleghany shot a deer at the Deadwater of Williams River, which also carried a head of twenty points, not counting the little nubs usually found at the base of the beams.

The kill of bucks in Seneca Forest was considerably off from former season Eighteen was the number; less than half of last year. The number of hunters checked in was over 600 for the first day; over 500 for the second day and over 300 for the third —about 1500 in all This compares with over 900 for the first day last year. I say there is safety for the deer in numbers. I am always wanting to strike an average. This is about one deer to every one hundred hunters. On the outside of the Seneca State Forest the average was as usual one deer to about forty hunters.

It sounds like a lie to me, but the the tale comes out of the woods, that a visitor came on to a native standing at a likely crossing place for deer. The usual inquiry was made about seeing deer. The stander had a fancy, exciting tale about a powerful big buck coming through, at easy range; he took a couple of shots and never cut a hair. While the narrator was in the midst of his eloquent recounting of his bad luck, the drivers came up. They took the man's word for it and proceeded to cut off his shirt tail Then they looked for sign There had not been a big deer through that crossing in a week

BOTANY

Pocahontas

Pocahontas
Chapter 3

Timber Wolf

It can now be stated definitely that the varment which has been killing sheep by wholesale on Elk is a timber wolf. On Monday about forty men and a big pack of dogs went hunting for the varment on Middle Mountain They routed him out and he struck out for Gauley Mountain. Howard Beale was waiting at the place the varmint had crossed Elk River in former chases. The animal came in full view of Mr Beale and he took three or four shots at it with a shot gun at long range He draw blood but failed to knock it down It went back to Middle Mountain and the dogs were not able to route it out again.

This wolf is a big able animal, with a bushy tail, curled at the end. It is gray in color, and looks as though it might weigh as much as a hundred pounds.

The question now is where this wolf came from. The last timber wolf in this region was killed by Stopher Hamrick forty years ago.

For over a year the wolf has been raiding the sheep flocks on Big Spring and Dry Branch of Elk. More than two hundred head of sheep has it killed. The last kill was on Saturday night out of L D. Sharp's flock on the railroad near Slaty Fork.

100 #

40 to 50

200 sheep

— Pocahontas Times
2/15/40

BOTANY

So sorry.

Pocahontas
Chapter 3

WOLVES IN WEST VIRGINIA

More credence should be placed in those tales stories of ferocious stock killing animals which are alleged to frequent mountain recesses of West Virginia, if they were seen and not heard about

Periodically come stories of a panther or pack of them of them, molest ing stock in some remote part of the State The only evidence that such a creature still roams our wilds is a track resembling the pad of a panther Pretty flimsy identification but the evidence becomes conclusive after the imagination works on it for a few days

The most recent yarn of this sort comes form Pocahontas county where it is reported that a pack of wolves is roaming the ranges in Slaty Fork and Mingo Knob slaughtering sheep and deer

There is doubt if a wolf has been in this part of the country since the Civil War In the first place there never were many of them this far south and those that did infest West Virginia's mountains were quickly exterminated with the development of the State for in the last century, or moved north where they belonged.

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It is great Mumbo Tumbo Malcolm Brice who thus in his Wheeling Register speaks words of doubt to lull apprehension of lowlanders that their brethren of the scattered hill tribes of the upper reaches of the Monongahela, Gresenbrier, Elk James, Potomac and Gauley are once again exposed to ravages of wild and ferocious beasts of prey. As chief head hunter of the unwashed tribes of the northern panhandle he sits in his attic among the naked hills beside the now turgid flow of the once beautiful Ohio the very air poisoned by the acrid fumes of factory smoke, he would dismiss with a rattle of his typewriter the possibility of such varments as wolves and panthers again infesting the secluded environs of the more favored portions of this fair State of West Virginia. Would that he were a good fairy to wave a wand to rid these woods of the fierce predators which are devastating farm flocks and depleting the wild deer herds; or a saint like unto the good Patrick when he banished forever frogs and snakes from the old sod which is Ireland Woe are we that the thinking of the great Mumbo Tumbo is no more lucid than the now muddy flow of the once beautiful river, as acrid as its now polluted water, and as hazy as the smoky atmosphere of his over populated area In the face of all the evidence I have been able to produce short of the actual hide and scalp, of the presence in these mountains of the prowling panthers and of the ravening wolves, is he not like 'the owl of atheism, flying abroad in the full glory of the noon day sun, and crying where is it?"

In M T denying the scripture saying that out of the mouths of two is truth established? For I can give off hand the names of a score of good man and true who have seen in recent years with their own eyes panthers in these endless mountains by themselves and with others Can not his smoke tanned senses not give consideration to the testimony of the five members of the official board of the Pocahontas County Farm Loan Association. as they in the presence of each other, saw a great tawney, two hundred pound mountain lion break from cover as the official board in their official duty of making appraisment upon a grazing farm in the pleasant vale of the Little Laural of Williams River. came upon the varment unawares?

What about testimony by three young scientists from the Biological Survey, taking census of the animal life of the Monongahela National forest? They came upon the pugs of a great cat in a mud hole on Middle Mountain at the head of the Greenbrier Being equipped for such finds they found plaster of paris in the tracks, The casts were submitted to the savants in the captain's office at Washington, than whom none are savanter, These in their wisdom and experience pronounced the caste to be the preserved tracks of a mountain lion. Will B T in all his billiousness say them nay, you are mistaken?

As for the gray timber wolves they again present a source of trouble to our people regardless of doubt expressed by humptious agnostics Just last month across the imaginary line which divides the two states on the crest of the Alleghanies in the adjoining county of Bath a big wolf was killed, and his carcass positively identified by scientists as that of a gray timber wolf, Up in Preston county a wolf was killed on Stony River, and Dr A M Reese is now negotiating for the hide as an exhibit in his museum of natural history at the university On Red Creek, in Tucker county there is a whole pack On Shavers Mountain in Pocahontas and Randolph counties, there is another pack of wolves. Their inroads on the deer herdes are so heavy, the tracks of small deer are seldom seen in the Great Wilderness country.

Over on the Middle Mountain of Elk and the Mingo Knob there are three wolves The big one, an old she, has been seen by a half dozen good men, she has been shot at on two separate occasions and her kill of sheep has averaged five a week for a year. Once she attacked a two year old heifer and bit her neck badly before being run off by the dog cattle.

Belittling our traditions of the wolf packe of these mountains makes me peevish Our unwritten literature dealt much with the number and fierceness of wolves Men yet in the prime of life remember as children the necessity of penning the sheep near the house each night The man Stopher Hamrick, who shot the last wolf here forty years ago, is still with us A prominent citizen well remembers the fuss made over him by the family when his father shot at a wolf as it looked over a log at the boy asleep on a pile of leaves The father is still with us and able to hunt

We have always maintained the gray wolves of this mountain region were bigger and fiercer than the common run of wolves in this latitude Our elevation gives us a Canadian climate, and the deer herds furnished plenty for them to grow big on

Not much was ever said about it, but it was intimated that during the four years of the war between the States, the wolves acquired a taste for human flesh Many a man was murdered in the woods through the practice of the neighborly art of bushwhacking. Any way I have personal knowledge of a few men and boys attacked by wolves along in the 1880's, and others who got up trees in time

For the information of the lowlander I will say that strychnine broke the rule of the wolves in these mountains along in the 1870's. There was a remnant, educated against poison and snare When deer became scarce the wolves disappeared. They may have moved north where they belong. Anyway, the wolves are back, and it was a sorry day when they returned Where they have come from it is not possible to guess, but the report persists that a pack crossed on the ice from Canada into Pennsylvania the winter of of 1938. I heard of two wolves being killed in Elk county Pennsylvania, last year.

T.

4/4/40

BOTANY

So sorry you w...

Parasitism — Chapter 3

Timber Wolf Killed in Bath County

From the Roanoke (Va.) Times

A gray timber wolf which had been killing sheep in Bath county for two years fell dead before two high-powered rifle bullets high up in the mountains 10 miles north of Warm Springs, Thursday and its carcass to be mounted for a wealthy sportsman, attracted wide attention in Salem.

There is an interesting story behind the killing of this beautiful but blood thirsty creature which, according to William Hite, Bath county game warden, must have killed over 100 sheep and many deer.

Seventeen hunters, Bath county farmers, set out Thursday morning under Hite to track down the wolf. Snow covered the ground and the animal could be tracked easily. The party found the carcasses of 13 deer which the wolf had killed, two or three of them just a few days previous.

"One of these deer must have been killed within 40 steps after it was attacked by the wolf," Hite relates. "It was the most destructive animal I have ever had in my county" He has been game warden 17 years.

The party went up near a valley in Back Creek Mountain where the wolf was known to stay. Five of the men with dogs started through the valley to drive out the wolf, the others scattered around the territory to lay wait for him.

Suddenly the dogs took up the wolf's trail. A few minutes later he was routed and one of the party, Francis Liptrap shot him under the jaw with a high powered rifle.

Still the wolf fought on. He was chased two miles before he came up on one of the stationed men, C C. Hodges, who finally killed the animal with a bullet through the body just behind the shoulders.

The game warden gives credit to two things in killing the wolf since several previous attempts had failed it even got so bad that the farmers were going out whenever they had a few hours to spare looking for him.

One, dogs were used for the first time. Second, as the game warden kidded, a $25 bounty was placed on the killer

The wolf, described by the game warden as a "gray timber wolf, attracted considerable attention as it lay on the sidewalk in fron of the Hotel Fort Lewis in Salem. The game warden, who came to Salem to confer with a forestry service supervisor, brought it with him.

He says that the $25 bounty is to be divided among the men. The wolf was bought from the party by Kenneth E Ellis, Hot Springs. The game warden said that he plans to take it by a Covington taxidermist on his way home.

The wolf was known throughout the countryside as "Old Lobo," a name pinned on him by the game warden, because the killer had one of the characteristics of the Lobo wolf, a species that lives and hunts alone.

Long before the wolf was ever spotted the game warden said that he was confident that it was a wolf and not a dog. He explains that when a wolf kills it takes the lungs, liver and heart. When a dog kills it eats the meat back of the shoulders.

2/22/40

BOTANY

I was in the Greenbrier in Green Bank only last fall. Harper M. Smith came across some buckeyes full of shell nuts about the size of peanuts. Now to him was sent specimens for Dr. Earle L. Core, of the Department and Zoology, at the University. He writes back they are buffalo nuts, Pyrularia pubera. I will give a paragraph on this buffalo nut or ilk nut or oil nut, or rabbit wood soon, unless Dr. Core will consent to do it.

—

Over at Anthonys Creek some season ago a citizen killed a wild duck. In it he found a grain of "duck wheat." He planted it, and the season of 1939 he had a good crop. Same seed was brought to this printing of files and I sent it in to Dr. Core for identification. He writes back he is not so far able to give any information beyond the statement the seeds belong to some plant in the buckwheat family. No plants being available this time of year, he is raising some, he will be able to tell us before long. They are already showing above the ground.

—

Some months back, I published a letter from Dr. Core, in which he told of a visit to these mountains a century ago of Dr. Asa Gray, the tall camoie in botany. He reported finding the yellow gentian on Knapps Creek. It had not since been reported from here and Dr. Core wanted a specimen. Dr. Ben Roller, of White Sulphur Springs, saw the piece, and was reminded he had seen yellow gentian in Greenbrier County, so he sent in a specimen.

—

Dr. Core continues: Thanks a lot for the editorial on the University. It has caused a great deal of comment around here. I enjoyed it very much; especially the last paragraph where you say the more you are thrown with college professors the more highly you regard country school teachers. I take it as a compliment, because I am a country school teacher, since I teach botany which has to be taught in this country. I have taught in a one room country school house; and I actually live at present in the open country twelve miles west of the University on State 7. Doesn't this make me a county school teacher?

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So sorry you were unable to get out to the herbarium while you were here. I would liked to have shown you around. Since you didn't get here I thought you might like a few notes concerning our activities. The herbarium was founded as a service to the people of the State so as to make comparisons in identification of materials sent in and for the collection of information regarding the plants of the State. We now have 60,000 specimens filed away here, representing virtually all the fungi, lichens, mosses, liverworts, ferns, and seed plants found in West Virginia and, of course, many specimens of some of them. In addition, we have a specimen of almost every plant found in the range of Gray's Manual, the northeastern part of the United States, a large collection made by Dr. Small in the southeastern states and listed in his big manual of that region; and the most common of the plants of the western states and Canada.

I am teaching Dendrology in our new Forestry Division and the Herbarium has been fortunate in having been designated as one of the 15 in the country to receive a complete set of specimens representing all the forest trees in the United States, the sets being prepared and distributed by the New York State College of Forestry. They are of great value to our Forestry work.

I must tell you about our publications. You already know about Castanea. In exchange for this periodical we receive about 100 botanical journals from all over the world. We are also publishing a series called "Contributions from the Herbarium of West Virginia University." Fifteen numbers in this series have been published or are in preparation. One of them, on the botanical exploration of West Virginia, I thought might prove of interest to you and so I am sending a copy of it under separate cover.

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Best wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
Earl.

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I must say to Dr. Core, I am no hand to find joy in visiting my own feeble jests. However, in the cause of science I will expose the weak comment on the college professors since I now appears to be somewhat involved. The key raise is that bit of scripture: truth, "By their fruits you shall know them." Nearly all the college professors of my acquaintance are country bred and the product of country schools, where taste for culture was imbibed from and cultivated by country teachers. This interpretation and explanation ought to be within mental grasp of even a college professor, as high compliment to producer and his product.

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Delighted I am over world recognition of the botany publications of the University. I am reminded of the mouthing over nothing in the legislature a few years ago wherein our head school got its usual smear of adverse publicity. The asking for funding in critical publications was an sum about five times as large as the legislature universally spent for this purpose. Some smartaleq found this out and how they did romp around on it until explained the big schools had publications to exchange the world over for the books and papers our University had to buy. It obtained. The facts of the situation never overtook the widespread intimation of things not being on the level up at Morgantown.

At the same time and place, there was the mixup over the cost by one grape sticks for the experimental farm. The asking was for red wood, at a cost higher than the local market on oak or chestnut sticks. What a tempest raged in the teapot over this until it was explained this was a part of a nation wide demonstration carried on by land grant colleges to ascertain the relative values of different woods for grape sticks for the information of grape growers.

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The moral to all this is that it behooves every mother's son of us to inform ourselves about our University, so we can inform others. We have the old thing, we can't get rid of it and so we will have to make the most of it, to serve better the interest of our State and humanity in general.

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Dear Mr. Price:

When we read your Field Notes it recalled an incident which coincides with your reference to bears killing coons. Heretofore we have refrained from disclosing our experience to anyone because it did seem far fetched.

In 1933 we were hunting near the head of Mill Creek in Randolph County when we were stopped suddenly by a strange noise. After a careful investigation we discovered a bear under a large beech tree. We stood still in order to ascertain the source of the noise, whereupon we saw another bear up in the tree shaking a limb and on the limb was a full grown coon. The coon was making quite a fuss which had been the noise attracting our attention. The bear finally shook the coon off the limb and as he hit the ground the other bear made a desperate effort to catch him but failed. The only thing we could figure it was a trick I regulated by the two bears for catching coons.

We were unsuccessful in getting either bear since we were so amazed by the sight we had seen.

Two of Your Readers.

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Chapter 3

Clark Wooddell [illegible] killed a wild dog, coyote or what it is which has been denning up under a hay stack on Judge Sharp's farm near Hillsboro. On last Wednesday Will Clutter brought the carcass to town, and Marvin Wimer has the skin to soak, preparatory to mounting it. For some time the animal has been known to keep in the Levels; dozens of shots have been taken at it, and dogs have run it out of the country. The color was a dark brindle, with a bushy tail; weight about 30 pounds. It was a male and about seven or eight years old. The neck was remarkably thick and strong for so small an animal; head and jaws heavy, muzzle gray from age. Lacking the erect ears and pointed nose of the coyote, I put the varment down as a dog which went wild. Mr Wooddell tells me the animal looked much more like a dog when it was dead than when it was alive.

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Speaking about wild dogs, Uncle B'b Gibson was over from Elk last Wednesday, and he told me about a wild dog his grandfather, the late David Gibson, named seventy or eighty years ago. This wild dog was found to be denning up under a hay stack. Snares were set and the wild dog was caught. For some time the animal remained aloof from all advances but it finally responded to kindness and through the influence of the other dogs. The wild dog was a female and showed gray hound blood to a marked degree. She proved the best of hunters and was a bear dog without a peer. She would chase a bear without giving voice and was a natural bayler. She would nip a bear until he could stand the punishment no longer and must turn and fight his tormentor. Then she would stand aside until the bear made off again, and then she was nipping his heels again.

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Talking about bears, one powerful big old bear is wandering this winter through on the Alleghanies around the head of Meadow Creek. One day last week Ira King and others gave him an all day chase in the snow. Evidently being chased by dogs was no new thing for this bear for it was a running fight all day long. He would neither go up a tree nor stand and fight long enough for the dogs to come up. Mr King and their experienced bear hunters say this bear leaves the biggest track they have ever seen.

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Chapter 3

FIELD NOTES

On last Wednesday morning June Mann and other workers on a log skid der on Middle Mountain of Elk got a good look at a big wolf. The varment was seen near the log pile and only moved off when June called to other members of the crew to see what he was looking at. He tells me the wolf looked like a German police dog only taller, longer and more slender. The tail was bushy and a big white streak extended over its back. The wolf looked big enough to weigh eighty or more pounds. For a year or more a wolf or rather wolves have been killing sheep on the head branches of the Elk.

James A. Sharp from Jericho road was in Saturday afternoon, and told me about trailing a wolf in Buckley Mountain some fifty odd years ago. A big wolf had killed a sheep for the late Andrew McLaughlin. The neighborhood combined in the hunt, and the wolf whipped out the hounds. The hunt was quit at dark on a ridge over looking the town. Word was sent to Mr. Sharp to bring his hounds the next morning. He took the trail of the wolf at daylight and followed it all day in Buckley Mountain. Late in the day the wolf crossed Knapps Creek, near Mt. View Cemetery. That night it killed a sheep at Mt View Orchard on Marlin Mountain. The next day the Thorny Creek people put dogs on the trail for an all day chase. That night the wolf killed a sheep for Amos Dilley. Poison was put in the carcass and the next night the wolf came back to his kill. It was his last meal, for he died in the fence a few yards away.

Poison wolf

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Pocahontas — 7

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY DECEMBER 5, 1940

The census of 1940 gave Pocahontas county a population of 2922. Of these 2703 were white and 219 colored. The returns on the 1940 census are not by me as I write, but the total is around 14 000; about five fold increase in a century, with the ratio between the races remaining about the same.

In 1840 there were in Pocahontas County 7 000 head of cattle, 10,000 sheep and 6 000 hogs, according to the census.

According to the assessor's returns for 1940, there were in Pocahontas county on January 1, cattle, 10,964; sheep 29 549; and hogs, 3101.

For further comparison, I happen to know the assessor's returns for the year 1918—cattle, 11,446; sheep; 28,159, swine 4 446.

There is something alarming in the figures for the two years, 1840 and 1940 when you take in consideration that the future of this Pocahontas county rests upon the production of livestock. A century ago, three thousand people had seven thousand head of cattle; now fourteen thousand paople have eleven thousand cattle. We have made a little progress in sheep. The increase here has been three fold as compared with five fold for people.

One reason the sparsely settled county of Pocahontas had such large herds and flocks a century ago may be in the history of the western range. Then the great plains supported millions of heads of buffalo, and there was no competition with the east in the production of livestock. No property interest was represented in the buffalo, and they fell before the guns of the hide hunters. The range was left for cattle. Economists have pointed out time and again that if the vast herds of buffalo had been preserved there would have been no room for settlers in the west. Where a million head of buffalo traveled up or down through a strip of country, the ground was bare of grass. These animals multiplied so, starvation was the only thing to set the limit.

The real sufferers from the extinction of the buffalo lived in Pocahontas and similar counties of the east. They never knew what hurt them. With the buffalo gone, the raising of wild cattle came into existince. This cheap beef hit the eastern stock grower a bad blow which about put him out of business. On the range cattle matured with little more care than is given wild animals. The only owner ship recognized was that evidenced by a brand.

In the east cattle were raised by the sweat of the brow, on high cost and high taxed land. In the west, with the buffalo gone, there was hardly end to possibilities of the number of wild cattle. There would be two rpundups a year. In the spring to brand the calves; in the fall to cut out beef cattle for market. It is no wonder the east was forced out of the cattle business when came the competition of the boundless west.

As example of what is possible in wild cattle take the treeless plains of South America. In the 1550's a bull and seven cows were brought from Spain. From these sprang the millions and millions of wild cattle of the South American pampas. Except for the buffalo, the same condition would have prevailed in North America. There never was a time when the wild cattle of South America did not yield readily to domestication. For many generations they were hunted for their hides alone, as was the buffalo of the north. However, whenever it was considered worth while to corral wild cattle, it was found that in a short time they become accustomed to the control of man.

Australia and New Zealand had the same experience with range cattle. It is small wonder that beef from the west and the south and down under made the eastern cattle raiser live hard. But this eastern American is a thrifty soul. Those who stayed at home depended upon a diversity of crops, and the others went west to engage in the cattle business.

Back in the 1870's, Editor Horace Greeley uttered some careless words which became a slogan: "Go west young man, grow up with the country." Millions acted upon his advice and when they went they went to stay, the result is a rich and populous west. The conditions in the west are more nearly approaching those in the east each year and so the handicap under which the eastern cattle man has labored for three generations is growing lighter.

When the waves of buffalo receded from the western plains, the steer advanced. Soon they had replaced the buffalo. Then the Pocahontas county stockman found himself up against it. He could not even turn to the production of butter and cheese, as the cattlemen of New York and other states did. In those days nothing could be marketed from Pocahontas which could not walk out on its own feet to the rail head. The way out in these blue grass valleys was found. By taking care a domesticated animal could be raised that commanded a far better price than the range cattle of the west. They set about to improve the breed; Thus export cattle were produced which brought a living for the care expended.

Let me here interline the remark that about a quarter of a century back changes began to come about in the economic scheme of world affairs and the demand for big export cattle declined and went out. It marked decline in the quality of our cattle, so carefully and laboriously brought up to such high standard of excellence in the two generations following the war between the states.

In Tuckahoe Virginia, where the winters are mild, there persisted the practice of raising unimproved cattle. The penny royal bull of the old days was a term of reproach in grazing countries, and referred to the cattle found in the flat lands of Eastern Virginia. Another term I have have not heard in years was a four old yearling, meaning a steer four years of age and the size of a yearling. Another illustration of the cheap cattle of the lowlands was that a steer was so small that he could be salted in his horne.

The existence of low grade Tuckahoe cattle was a constant menace to the breeders of the mountain valleys of the Shenandoah, Greenbrier, Potomac and Tygarts. The pennyroyal bull became much dreaded and feared. Cattle seemed to be peculiar among animals in that they breed true to the sire and not to the dam. So it can be seen the aversion to the pennyroyal bull was well founded. The passes of the mountains were well watched to keep him on his side of the divide. A bunch of sinewy steers could be driven to the grass in the highlands without causing concern. If there were bulls and heifers in the bunch, the close watch was kept on the herds, so the interlopers could be worked out of the country by moral suasion and other lawful means.

The English custom was firmly fixed here—that of seeing families with one cow or more, who made no pretention to herds, were given opportunity to raise purebred stock.

The four year old export steer was the sacred ox in these mountains; held sacred to the purpose for which he was created; and went to the large city market for beef. So far as I know, there never was a standard four year old steer butchered and eaten in Pocahontas county. Tradition has it, a peculiar man in Greenbrier county, deciding that the best was as good as any, butchered a couple of export steers for the home market. He like to have ruined his business, for his customers ever after demanded the kind of beef he furnished while these export steers lasted.